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No. 6

Occasional No. 6.

## CHRISTIANITY AND WAR.\*

"Conquering and to Conquer."—Rev. vi: 2.

MONTHS have passed since one word was needed from any source to lighten the public sense of the National peril. All hearts have been oppressed by it; the wisest have been at their wits' end, anxious, perplexed; on every corner of the streets men have asked, What are we to expect next? The future has been wrapt in impenetrable mystery.

The nature of Civil Government, as an institution ordained of God, founded in the character of man as a social and moral being, has been everywhere so freely discussed, on the platform and in the pulpit, that the mass of the people have come to understand, as never before, that conspiracy against a just and beneficent government is the most daring impiety, the deliberate lifting of a treasonable hand against the infinite authority of God.

The grounds or conditions upon which God has provided for the right of revolution are comprehended as never before. The people have come to understand that only when a government has long persisted in transcending the limits of its power, has become false to the objects of its constitution, and destructive of the divine ends it was ordained to secure, and for which alone it has a right to exist; when it undertakes to lift up that which is evil and honor it, and tread down that which is good and repress it, to forbid what God has commanded and enjoin what He has forbidden, or to permit what He has denied and refuse what He has allowed, till it has become the general conviction of all good citizens that the advantages of a revolution would far outweigh its necessary evils, *only then* may a people rise in their might and shake from their necks the unjust government which has become an usurpation, as our

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\* A discourse delivered in the Ninth Street Baptist Church, Cincinnati, on Sabbath evening, December 8th, 1861, by Rev. E. T. Robinson, Pastor. With deep regret we add that the author of this admirable Tract died a few months after its publication, at the early age of twenty-eight years. A beloved Pastor, an able and faithful preacher of the Gospel, a judicious but fearless advocate of the oppressed, and a man highly esteemed by his brethren of every name in the ministry—he was early summoned by the Master to "come up higher"—a blessed privilege to himself, but a sore bereavement to the Church and the cause of Christ. The will of the Lord be done!

ancestors shook off the yoke of King George III, as the lion shakes the dew from his mane.

The people have been educated upon the true relation of the Federal to the State Governments. The vague and superficial views which prevailed, even with many thinking and intelligent persons, have, in this emergency, which has revealed the momentous issues involved in the settlement of that question, been swept away. As the principle involved has been stripped of its disguises and brought into clearer light, it has been seen that the thing which our fathers intended to frame, and which they did frame, was a Central Government, and not an aggregation of loosely confederated States, whose members were mere partners at pleasure.

The *nature* of this struggle, so far as the mutual relation and institutions of the North and the South are concerned, and their comparative resources, in men, money, credit, soil, and navy, has also been frequently and ably set forth. Fairly has it been demonstrated, and faithfully held, that this is not a fanatical crusade against the domestic institutions of any part of the land, or an infringement upon the social or moral rights of any portion of the people, but a war for National Life, for the establishment of the foundations of Liberty—for just Government and Constitutional Law, against Treason, Despotism, wild Anarchy, and wicked Rebellion.

It is not to any of these points that attention is now directed; but rather to THE UNDERLYING PRINCIPLES WHICH ARE AT WORK IN THIS STRUGGLE—which are its *vital forces*; the relation it bears to the progress of civil and spiritual liberty—the stake which Christianity has in it; or, in still other language, its position in those grand though sometimes terrible agencies by which Divine Providence is working out His stupendous purposes of grace in the earth. There is room certainly in this field for all good citizens to make much prayerful and profitable inquiry yet.

Our national, social, and personal sin and wickedness, had long cried to heaven for vengeance. The chastisement which, by the unmerited mercy of the "Governor among the Nations," lingered long, has come at last. Our guilt was too heinous; our Oppression, idolatry of Mammon, and contempt of lawful Authority were too glaring and dangerous. A holy God could no longer use so corrupt a people as an honored instrumentality, a prominent agency in carrying forward his gracious purposes in the earth. One of the clearest evidences that God has purposes of mercy toward this

nation, that we have yet a sublime mission unfulfilled, is the very severity of the testing to which we are now subjected—this purification by a baptism of blood. Long have we prayed for the coming of Christ's Kingdom, the progress of Civil Liberty and Christianity in the earth, the downfall of all organized systems of wrong; and if now the God of our salvation answer our prayers "by terrible things in righteousness," still let Him be "the confidence of all the ends of the earth," still let Him ride forth "Conquering and to Conquer." Doubtless God saw that the specific discipline demanded in the present stage of our national history was WAR; and this solemn mystery, in the midst of which we stand, is in answer to the prayer of his people.

It is not always times of quiet that are really most prosperous. Often, when every thing looks threatening to the eye of sense, the most rapid advance is being made in a nation's thought. When, as in our own land at this time, the great deep of the popular heart is stirred by a storm, and society is rocked to and fro as on tumultuous waves, until every part of the social framework quivers with the shock, God is often working out problems that will contribute mightily to the elevation and progress of the human race. To-day the great questions which affect the social and civil life of communities and states, are being looked into and discussed, not only by the educated few, but by the masses of the people, as never before.

There are times when our physical atmosphere becomes so charged with dangerous elements that nothing but the fierce blast of the hurricane, or the flaming wrath of the lightning, will sweep them away. Nervous and timid people quiver and shrink when God sends a fiery bolt through the heavens to drive away the deadly malaria. As the artillery of heaven breaks and blazes on ear and eye, they imagine that He in His anger is shaking the pillars of nature, and about to bury every thing in indiscriminate ruin. The difficulty is in not understanding the philosophy of storms. When the tempest is passed, a brighter heaven, a purer air, a gladdened and exhilarated earth attest the wisdom and goodness which presided over the war of the elements, and made their wrath as beneficent as it was terrible. Let God clear the deadly elements out of our murky political sky, "that the whole nation perish not," even though the convulsion and crash be startling, the timid stunned, and the electricity strike and kill here and there a man. War is a violent, but has often proved a most effective, remedy for national disease.

Do we look abroad over the world? In the progress of great principles—in the life and course of nations, there are single years which afford more ample material for history than whole centuries that have preceded. The present time is one of these historic epochs. A single glance will show that this is an age of activity and change.

What throne in Europe has not felt successive shocks? What nation on the continent can be named, but has been undergoing organic change? Within a recent period God has been shaking Paganism in China, Papacy in Italy—idolatrous Italy, which once gloried in the terrors of the Inquisition—and the Despotisms and Oppressions of all the world have seemed to rock and reel with the premonitory symptoms of their overthrow. The brave and noble Italian has delivered Sicily from the Bourbon yoke—the Bourbon King is driven from Naples—the Roman Pontiff, once the most formidable ruler in Europe, can hardly call one poor city his own,—the ten horns of the beast are beginning to hate the woman seated upon the seven hills, and to make her desolate and naked, and the promise now is that we shall see liberal institutions, complete religious toleration, and a Constitutional Government from the Alps to the Adriatic, and from the Austrian line to the farthest point of Sicily. Who does not feel the pulsations of the great heart of Humanity as it struggles for civil and spiritual liberty? Whose heart does not throb; whose pulses do not leap; whose blood does not quicken and glow with the hope and expectation of man's enfranchisement from ignorance and oppression, and a day of enlightened, happy, political, and civil liberty for the human race? Vain are his claims to manhood, whose eyes have no tears, whose heart no tenderness, and whose soul no shame for the despotism, wretchedness, and despair of men. The processes which work out this grand problem are necessarily slow and perplexing; out of the social fabric of a vast portion of this land, for years, there has come no light at all; but the peculiar institution is not so just and beneficent that it can stand the blaze of scrutiny turned upon it by a Civil War, though that war be inaugurated for the express purpose of fostering, perpetuating, and solidifying it. It will not come out unscathed by this sweeping conflagration. If it was not alien to the true genius of democracy—if its evils were not radical and abiding, while its benefits are but transient and incidental—if the declaration which makes it the corner-stone of the so-called Con-

federacy did not stultify the statements of all history—if it was the heaven-originated and heaven-sanctioned institution certain divines and statesmen have declared it to be, doubtless it would emerge from this conflict with new life and power, and, in the future, as in the past, repose as securely under the sheltering ægis of the Republic, as a planet in its sphere under the protecting reciprocal gravitations of the solar system. But its elements are *not* so sound, and its foundations are not so strong, that it can bid defiance to the shocks and convulsions which such a struggle must generate in society. The daughter can not be strangled unto death and the mother's heart feel no answering death-pang.

Ought not the followers of Him who said He came to "deliver the captives, and open the prison doors to the bound," to rejoice even now, that he is going forth "Conquering and to Conquer?" The cries of the oppressed, robbed, and benighted of earth have entered into the ears of the Lord of Hosts, and the great commotions that are abroad can not be stilled—the commotion at home, *I would not have it stilled* by any other voice than that which quieted the waves of the Galilean Sea.

We live and work in a time of action, power, history; when, in every department, in science, adventure, government, men are moving, acting, advancing. Everywhere is the loosing of social bonds, the rocking and tilting of thrones, the restlessness of mind, the spirit of enterprise making itself felt—the very earth quivers with violent exercise—the sleep of the world is over—its solemn dream is ended. And blessed be God, in all this activity *the Christian mind of the world is in the lead*. Indeed, *Christian sentiment*, working its way ahead, lying back of all mere occasions and proximate causes, *is what is producing this restlessness and change*. A superficial observer might not see the vital forces that are at work. The masses of our own people do not comprehend the fundamental and vital nature of the issues of the conflict now raging among us. To one who looks only on the surface of events, it might seem that a spirit of misrule, long kept down by the strong hand of power, was trying to break loose from all restraints, and assume the absolute supremacy; or that the world was trying to make up for years of torpor by indiscriminate war upon every existing institution and custom. But one who looks beneath the surface of things, and going beyond the proximate motives of individual action, inquires into the ultimate reasons of human conduct, will

discover in these great movements in all parts of the earth, which excite astonishment and awaken expectation, *some grand Christian ideas, struggling for development*; shaking off the influences that have held them down, and prevented the world from seeing their beauty and feeling their power. Long ago it was promised that Christianity should be in the world like the leaven which the woman hid in three measures of meal, and the whole was leavened. The fulfillment has been in progress. Christianity has been steadily permeating all forms of society, and molding more and more the whole structure and mass of the civil and social life of the world. The fundamental truths of the Christian scheme are radical, revolutionary. The old charge brought against Christianity is just; it turned the world upside down in the beginning; and, in spite of all opposition, it is still going forth "Conquering and to Conquer."

Standing in the light and teachings of history, prophecy, and promise, looking out upon the formidable problems of our time, we not only believe that Christianity will grapple and master the resistances that confront it, but that wars, rebellions and revolutions will be made, as hitherto, the servants of Christ, waking the energies of men, laying bare great principles which get covered up, increasing the energy of evangelizing influences, breaking the seals of prophecy, and helping on the world toward that era of refitted perfection and bloom, for which all past history has been one magnificent series of preparations.

Since the beginning of this struggle, thousands of Christians have paused to ask, How far the spirit which unsheathes and brandishes the flaming sword of war is compatible with the peaceful principles of the Gospel? How far one can yield himself to its influence without disowning his allegiance to a more exalted than any earthly banner—the banner of Prince Immanuel? Because the conquests of Christianity are not to be gained by the sword, many have honestly hesitated to take the sword in defense of civil institutions. They have said, that though in the old kingdom of Israel power to make war was conferred by its laws, yet the new kingdom, which Christ came to set up, is purely a kingdom of Peace, whose subjects were not permitted to fight, even to prevent Jesus from being delivered into the hands of his enemies. And so they were not. And so it is a kingdom of peace, relying not at all on the sword or civil arm for protection or promulgation: but laying its foundation in the affections, it pushes its conquests by love, and is effective under any

government. The weapons of our warfare, mighty through God, are not carnal. Religious authority is to be supported by religious means, and not by violence. But in introducing Christianity, God has neither annulled civil authority, nor abolished the use of the sword in supporting it, but has expressly sanctioned both. The magistrate is declared to be "the minister of God," that "beareth not the sword in vain," sent "to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil." And yet the question has pressed itself home to many Christian hearts, Can men go up, with their hands reeking from the slaughter of the battle-field, and their hearts quivering with the inspirations of human patriotism, to the solemn ordeal of the judgment, and at once put on the stainless garments of the glorified, and join the anthems that make up the choral harmonies of heaven? If such questions could not be satisfactorily answered, it would be impossible to secure the support and enthusiasm of Christian people in any war.

Undoubtedly war does not belong to the highest class of agencies for the advancement of humanity; yet it does not, therefore, follow that in human nature's depraved condition, and as one of the penalties and consequences of the Fall, the sword is not made, by a mysterious Providence, an appointed instrument of human progress. There is not a question that it belongs to a very imperfect state of society, and that in the glorious period toward which, in the Providence of God, and under the blessed influences of the Gospel, the race is moving forward, the mysterious and terrible necessity of war will cease. From a higher plane than that which we now occupy, regenerated humanity will regard, with wondering gratitude, its escape from the darker times, when the deep and festering diseases, the malignant cancers of the social and political body, had to be cut and cauterized away by the terrible surgery of the battle-field. But we have not reached that day yet; the theories and speculations of peace societies to the contrary notwithstanding. The game of war is not yet played out. The millennium is an epoch farther off than many dreamers and would-be interpreters of prophecy have supposed.

War, in the abstract, revolting as it is to the common sentiments of humanity, and opposed to the spirit of Christianity—war, fearful as is the scourge even in the justest cause, may yet sometimes intelligently be waged in the name of God. The student of history, as he measures upon the broad scale of the centuries the results of

national struggles, and sees how, in all the past, the conflict of arms has been a grand though terrible agency of Divine Providence for the overthrow of oppression and wrong, and the establishment of liberty and law, is not alarmed at the mere name even of *civil war*; and when he sees a distinct issue of right and humanity in the contest, does not shrink from the shock of battle. The pains of civil war in a single State have sometimes given birth to freedom for ages. Was it not so in that long struggle of the Netherlands, in the sixteenth century, against the power of Spain, in league with the Papacy? Who shall say that the Reformation itself would not have been wiped out in blood, had not the Netherlands drawn the sword against the Spanish Inquisition upon their soil, and pressed their principles to the dread issue of battle? Who shall say it was not the "great agony of local war through which the liberty of Holland was ushered into life," that gave civil and religious liberty to England and America?

When the restoration of Charles II had brought back upon England that course of corruption in Church and State, that luxurious wickedness, that insidious and demoralizing tyranny which had been arrested by Cromwell and the Commonwealth, Owen, and the pious and patriotic men of his time, vainly sought to restore and save the nation by prayer and self-humiliation and the preaching of the Word alone. Days of fasting, faithful preaching, solemn warning, reached not the root of the evil. Treachery and tyranny were in the blood of the Stuarts. There was but one remedy. Godly men would have healed Babylon, but she would not be healed: therefore the Lord raised up a prince and leader of the people, and the spirit of bigotry, treachery, and tyranny was cast out of the English Church and State to return no more, when the Prince of Orange repeated the terrible discipline of civil war which Cromwell had augured. What neither prayers, nor parliament, nor petitions, nor compacts, nor conventions could do for purifying and saving the nation, was done effectually and finally in the battle of the Boyne.

In the memorable struggles for civil and religious liberty through which England has passed, two principles of the Divine government have been illustrated. The nation, though sinning grievously, yet had in it the salt of a gracious preservation—a true Israel. There remained enough love of justice, freedom, and righteousness to form a nucleus of crystallization for a better order of things. God at once

chastened and healed that people. They were visited to be purified, but not forsaken. But the Babylonish element within the nation refusing to be rectified, waxing more insolent and defiant, till her iniquity was lifted up against the skies, must fall under the righteous indignation of Jehovah. Babylon became a threshing floor, and the flail of war, in the hands of an aroused people, made her as chaff before the wind. The time to thresh her had come.

It was remarked not long ago by one of the profoundest readers of history, that "*blood* is the cement with which every great principle and right has been built up in the world." What have we from the past worth the having that has come to us without blood? Christianity was cemented by the blood of the martyrs. Religious liberty and civil and constitutional freedom have been built up by the mysterious potency of this precious cement. I trust it is not irreverent to add, that the great event which shall fill eternity with its rejoicings, the event which achieved a salvation that shall be the everlasting wonder of the universe, was yet, according to the eternal purpose of God, and the principles of his righteous character and government, inaugurated with blood. He required the sacrifice of life as its indispensable condition.

We, who inherit what the blood of the past has purchased and built up, ought not to grow squeamish and sickly at the mention of war. If the institutions of freedom, order, and righteousness, cemented for us with the blood of the fathers, are assaulted and shaken, let us not withhold that which alone can cement them anew; especially when we see, in looking over the history of the past, that war has neither been without its analogies in the Divine economy, nor without its recognized and appointed place, in that grand reservoir of means and agencies by which an inscrutable Providence is working out his wise and gracious designs.

The struggle which now convulses this nation is AN ANTAGONISM OF IDEAS. Well has it been said that "the one great, living, glowing idea born of the Bible and nurtured by Christianity—the *divine franchises of the human mind*, is the heart and soul of the forces whose tread to-day shakes the world as never before." Historical readers have often noted the fact that two forms of civilization struck this continent the same year, two opposite theories of society and government. One was Christian and vigorous, and has developed westward, and still westward, carrying the institutions of religion, education, civil liberty and social order, until now, surmount-

ing all mountains and streams, like a shining arch, it reaches from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, crowning with glory that broad and fertile belt of Territory, which is the granary of the nation. The other contained elements of barbarism; ideas of caste, of royal blood and servile blood, foisted upon the world by polytheism, and has extended southward and south-west, carrying also its appropriate instrumentality, its peculiar forms of society, and ideas of government and religion. The conflict which now culminates in the stern arbitrament of battle, was then inaugurated; the year the first colony was planted at Plymouth Rock, and that Dutch ship entered Jamestown. It is the same struggle which has shaken the world for the last thousand years more than any and all other causes combined; the same underlying antagonistic forces are at work, that were in nearly all the great struggles of Europe, in which modern civilization had its birth and its baptism. The government has tried, by concessions and compromises, by exalting expediency above right and the Higher Law, to stave off a conflict which antagonistic ideas were bringing upon us all the more certainly and rapidly because of a practical ignoring of the facts. But the stern "logic of events" has brought us to the issue. The great debate in this country is now to be settled for all time. The power that has been conquered on the moral battle-field now appeals to the field of blood. Vanquished in the controversy of argument, it has dared us to the controversy of arms. Those who have fought successfully the first half of the battle on the field illuminated by argument, are now called upon to "don a different panoply, and vanquish finally the old foe on the field darkened by carnage." The challenge is accepted, because *the battle, wherever waged, on the moral or the carnal battle-field, is of the Lord.* The latest fruits and developments of Christianity in modern civilization are imperiled. Set as we are to guard and transmit them, we must take up our march in the path His providence has opened, and not seek to stay His hand, even though it be red with vengeance. The moral forces which move the world have made this struggle a necessity. God has put upon us an emergency in which the honor of our history, the touching memories of the past, the goodly heritage of the present, the fate of our posterity, the progress of Christian civilization, the prevalence of righteousness in the future, and the value of all that is best and dearest in earth and time, is given in large measure into our keeping. Ours is the privilege of living unselfishly, of sharing and helping in the great

popular enthusiasm for Liberty and Truth. Not to every generation is it given thus to see and to assist the opening of the gates of a new era.

When systems of wrong grow to gigantic proportions, and the pressure of moral causes to overthrow them leads on to revolution and war, the battle-field becomes the rallying point of principles as well as armies, "the anvil on which God hammers and shapes a nation to the end of his designs." War sowed the seed of the best existing government on the globe. We have civil and religious liberty to-day, because, three hundred years ago, there were found amid the dykes and fens of Holland a people who had faith in the sword of the Lord and of Gideon, as well as in the Articles of Synods, and the preaching of Reformers, and who did not shrink from the cost, the toil, the suffering of civil war, when a righteous cause demanded this sacrifice. Christ's cause in this world is not more involved in the success of our missions than in the success of our arms.

But does all this sanctify war? No, it does not. Nor does it argue that war is ever any thing less than a terrific scourge to a nation. A violent and poisonous remedy is not sanctified because it sometimes casts out a disease and saves a man. In the human constitution, even the excision of a limb is sometimes the only condition of preserving the life of the patient. A part has to be remorselessly cut away for the benefit of the whole. So in government, the peace and good order of society has to be maintained sometimes by the seemingly merciless sacrifice of human life. Seeming cruelty for the moment and to the few, is kindness and mercy to the many for perpetuity. This does not furnish the slightest justification for those who wantonly bring on a war: but it does justify a thinking and conscientious people in accepting the terrible necessity.

As a people, we have not been developed and matured in the school of adversity. History furnishes no parallel to our prosperity. We have been vain-glorious; we have rioted in the blessings of peace, and become drunk with abundance. But when we remember that God has never called a man or a nation to ripe, sober, and enduring greatness, but through trial upon trial, we could hardly expect or desire longer to escape. Our present struggle is not unlike those through which the English people have passed, and by the stern discipline of which they have grown strong. Nearly every advance in the theoretical perfection of the British Government has not been thought out by political philosophers, but worked

out from popular revolutions. We shall gain wisdom and strength, a fuller understanding of our political compact, and a firmer grip upon the great principles which lie at the foundation of all our institutions, by this rough smiting.

But some men hesitate, and ask, What is to be the final issue of this war? What are we coming to? GOD ONLY KNOWS. The precise modifications of our political forms, and the measure of social, moral, and religious good that shall grow out of it, no one can tell. It is not our business now. Our duty to-day stands in the clearest light; it is all we can attend to. We are neither to rush ahead nor loiter behind the leadings of Providence, but, with watchful eye and earnest heart and willing hand, we are to study, in "signs of the times," the Master's bidding. We are to stand in our tracks, and fight this Rebellion to the bitter end, and carry every thing with us that is necessary to bury it beyond all possibility of resurrection. Any thing less would be a debauching of conscience, the humiliation and breaking up of the government, the degradation of every man in the North. There is no other outlet, but what would call down upon us the contempt of the world, the execration of posterity, and the vengeance of heaven. I know not what the end will be: but the remark is credited both to Napoleon and Cromwell, "No man ever goes so high as when he does not know where he is going." It is so with nations. I know that the Being "who sitteth upon the circle of the earth," sees the end distinctly, that He will guide us to the issue, making the wrath of man to praise Him, and restraining the remainder thereof, and there I am willing to leave it—praying that the evils which have long been humbling and threatening us as a people, may be now corrected. That they may be, we are to *stand where we are, do our duty, and put our trust in the God of Battles*; for, after all, preaching and prayer are no substitutes for deliberation and wisdom, for manly determination and self-sacrificing effort.

But it is a loss of so much money! What of that? We have worshiped a "golden calf" too long already. But it will leave us with such a hopeless debt! All the better. We shall be healthier every way under a debt than without one. Too much occasion have we given for what has been sneeringly said of us by other nations—that the American sense of honor, and estimate of character and principles, bore no just relation to their love and devotion to the dollar. Let every city be razed to the ground, swept,

sacked, and burned—let Washington, Baltimore, New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis lie in ashes, rather than we yield, or reconstruct, or *Compromise*: for now there is no compromise except in yielding.

I know not how long or dreary the wilderness may be, but we shall reach fruitful vales beyond. I know not how the darkness of the night may thicken; but I know dew is gathering upon every spot, to sparkle in the morning sun. I know not but the storm-cloud may be darker yet, but I begin to see, in recent developments, the bow of mercy laid upon its bosom, God's promise of a fairer, truer prosperity than ever. I expect blood worth more than yours or mine, will flow still more freely, but it all looks marvelously like the Red Sea, intervening between our house of bondage and the Canaan of universal Freedom. I know the costliest, richest pearls are found beneath the roughest billows; the whitest alabaster comes from the stormiest coast, and the purest gold out of the fiercest ordeal of the furnace.

Never in custom's oiled grooves  
The world to a higher level moves,  
But grates, and grinds, with friction hard,  
On granite boulder and flinty shard—  
The heart must bleed before it feels:  
The pool be troubled before it heals;  
Ever by losses the right must gain,  
Every good has its birth of pain.

It were well for nations as well as individuals, to take John Bunyan's advice, and learn how to descend into the valley of humiliation with good grace; for one of the deepest principles of God's government in all kingdoms, is that life comes out of death; the highest exaltation is wrought out through deep humiliation. "The mount of transfiguration," for men or nations, always "lies over beyond the valley of self-denial." To ascend the one, it is necessary first to go down into the other.

A man is never truly born till he is born again. Nor is a nation. This nation was born in the sorrow and pain of the Revolution. It is now passing the second birth, out of a somewhat reckless and rollicking boyhood, into a purer and soberer national manhood. But the darkness and suffering that this struggle into a higher life costs—the real humiliation—the sacrifice of life—the wreck of hopes—the desolation of families,—let us not forget. With tender sympathies and tearful petitions, in every worshiping assembly, in every praying circle, in all our Sabbath convocations, at the family altar, in every place of secret prayer, let us remember those who have

gone forth from Christian homes, with the kisses of Christian mothers on their lips and cheeks; who have left behind them all that men hold dear—sweet babes and young wives and thriving homes, and not a few, maiden brides, for this new wedlock to the sword that fights for freedom and for law.

But a brighter day is beyond—a good that more than makes amends for all this evil. The world is struggling upward. While the intricate courses of events, the devious ways of nations, the winding and confused passages of human progress indicate, to the skeptical and unilluminated mind, no definite aim—to the Christian, standing in the light of the Sun of Righteousness, there does appear amid the utmost convolutions and confusions of history, lines of order, waymarks of advancement, traces of high moral destination, showing that beneath all the agitated elements of human passion, and stormy tides of war, age after age a strong and pure under-current of love has been silently propelling the enterprise of heaven—showing that the Divine Head of the invisible Kingdom is slowly evolving from this chaos of human sin and suffering a beautiful and perfect system. The central and harmonizing line throughout history, limiting all currents, and determining their direction, is the progress and complete triumph of Christianity. In this interest the world is governed, as for this consummation the world was built. Here runs the central range of history, and all events are rightly interpreted only in this radiance.

When we remember that God has purposed and promised to establish Christianity; with what wisdom he fitted it to man's deepest wants; through what vast preparatory agencies he brought it to our knowledge; that it has resisted successfully the terrific assaults of power, overcome philosophies and armies, and conquered opposition enough to have sunk any other religion out of sight and memory of the race a thousand times over; when we remember how peculiar skepticisms and gigantic abuses have melted before its beauty and authority; how the pillars of despotism have trembled from the seed it has dropped beneath them; that when girded and trammelled in showy and poisonous heresies, it burst forth with renewed vigor from the system of sacraments that encased it; that it has reached out its molding influences into art, literature, commerce, government, and in all forms of human life has now a development increasingly free and rich; that already it has silently though significantly thrown a chain of missionary citadels around

the globe, and that history, which must seem so defective unless Christianity filling the earth shall complete it, will then be unfolded to so noble a method; we not only see across all the centuries that pathway of living light and life, created by the march and conquest of the Christian Church, at once pledge and prophecy of the complete triumph and permanent supremacy of Christianity in the earth, but we hear, in all these convulsions, revolutions, and wars, the voice of Providence crying in the wilderness of this outcast world, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord: make straight in the desert a highway for our God"—we hear the distant rumbling of His chariot wheels as He comes onward, "Conquering and to Conquer."

Listening to the manifold voices of history, seeing in the present, not only here and there one touching the hem, but the folds of Christ's earthly garment sweeping over the nations, and glancing at the promises that stud the arch of God's Word, the horoscope of the future seems indeed glorious, promising a close to the turbulent drama of human history, so splendid as to overshadow with beauty the gloom of its beginning, and the trial of its progress—promising that consummation long ago present to the prophet's vision and to the Omniscient eye of the prophet's God, when Christ's hand shall be set in the sea and his right hand in the rivers, "and all commerce which makes the sea its pathway and treasure-house, shall bow submissive to Christian science, ministering to the unity and evangelization of the nations"—when no ocean shall toss its waves and no river roll its waters beyond the precincts or exempt from the prerogatives of Christ's dominion, but all knit into one common consecration, the nation shall learn war no more, His kingdom shall be established and His salvation known from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth; when

The mighty east shall bless the west,  
And sea shall answer sea,  
And mountain unto mountain call,  
*Praise God, for we are free.*

The inspiring fact that the four ruling powers of the world, England, France, Russia, and the United States are Christian, is the common property of all intelligent men. It is morally certain that these nations are to sway politically the destinies of the world. The progress of their arms, or the diplomacy that opens the door for their merchandise and commerce, opens the door also for the Gospel: and in the light of such facts and promises we can hear in this war,

as in all the great struggles of history, the tread of the advancing host that puts to flight the aliens.

We live at a time in the world's history when events as rapid in their succession as they are startling in their magnitude, splendor, and importance, are chasing each other as wave chases wave upon the sea; a time when prophecy converges most swiftly toward its accomplishment, and when all the triumphs foreshown in the Apocalypse seem to be sounding at once on the air.

Remembering the vials that are to be poured out on the lands—the convulsions that have rocked the old world within a recent period—the successive shocks that have been experienced by all the thrones of Europe; and who it was that said, “I will shake all nations, and the Desire of all nations shall come;” beholding the lines of prophecy converging, and the trains of God's Providence growing nearer and more crowded, deepening to a great center, and indicating some mighty consummation, as citizens of “a kingdom which can not be moved” or hindered, we look deeper than the surface of events, and beyond the tumults of the people, the din of arms, and the smoke of battle, and catching the sound of his His chariot rolling on “Conquering and to Conquer,” we lift our song of expectation:

The kingdom of Christ, is it near? Is it near?  
Are his chariot wheels the sounds that we hear?  
Are his angel couriers nigh?  
While nations are shaken, and storms, stooping low,  
Seemed winged with disasters, and freighted with woe,  
Are the angels half way down the sky?

O eyes dim with weeping, and hearts faint with fear,  
The millennial morning, serenely and clear,  
Shall dawn on humanity yet.  
These terrible sounds will die out from the air,  
And Peace walking slowly, gather flowers for her hair,  
From fields where the fierce armies met.

The name of CHRIST JESUS, like music, shall sound,  
Eternal, immortal, invisible, crowned  
King over a kingdom sublime.  
Great Leader and Ruler and Lord over all,  
The empires of Satan before him will fall  
Dark dust in the rubbish of time.

Great King, we await thee! From watch-towers of prayer  
Expectant we gaze through the sin-troubled air,  
And with far-reaching vision we see  
That thy throne standeth firmly, eternal, sublime,  
While still through the mists and confusion of Time,  
The earth climbeth upward to thee.